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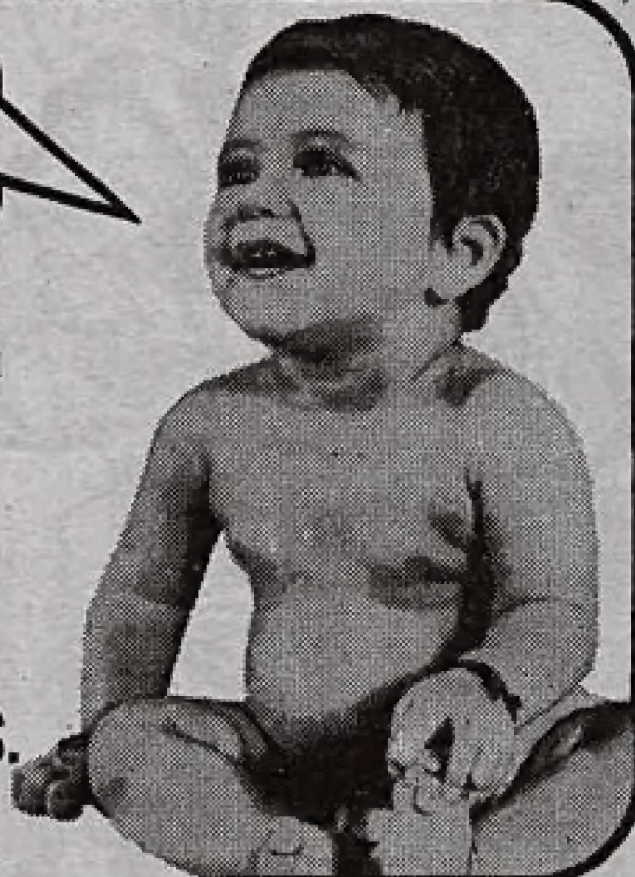
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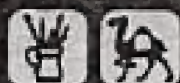


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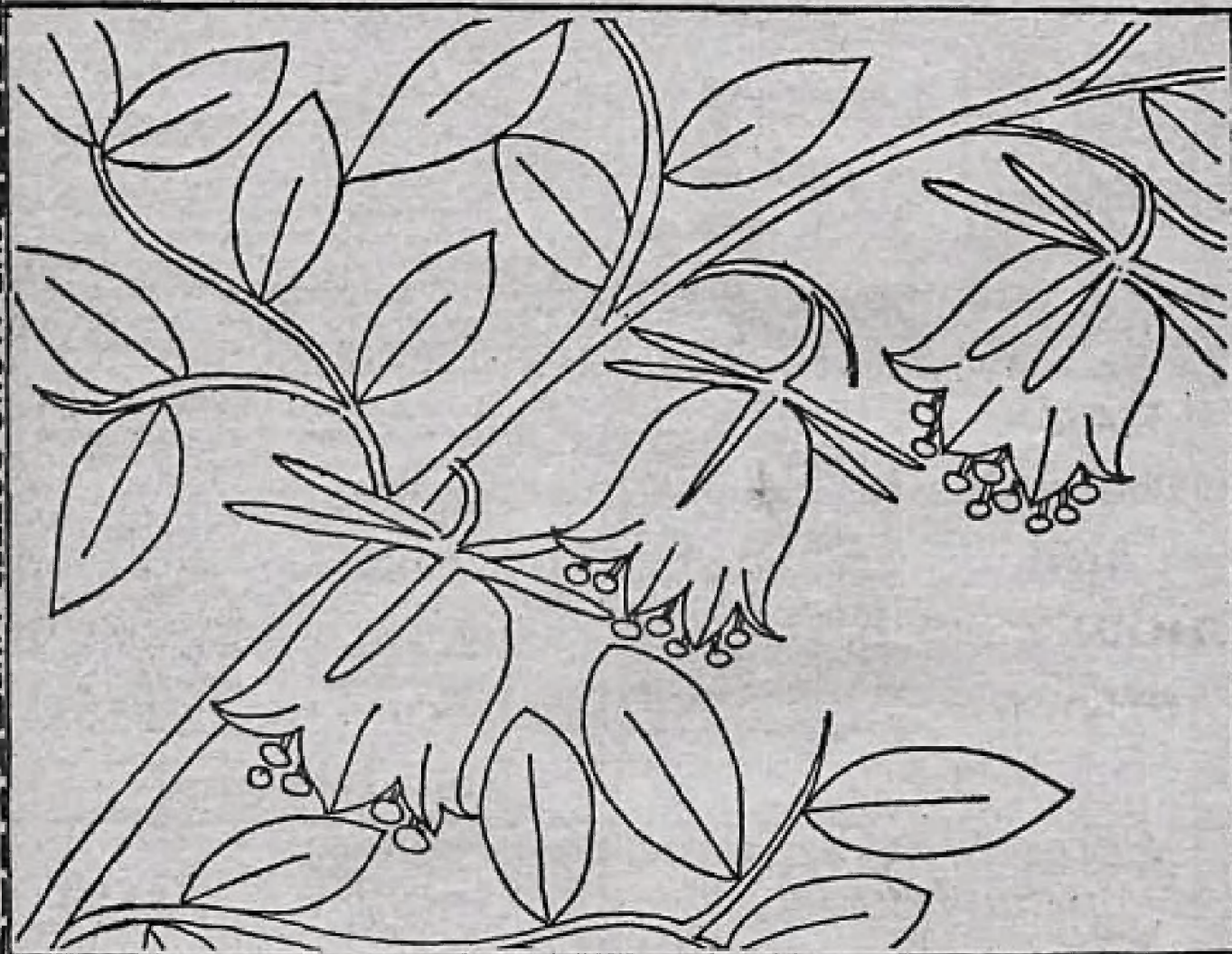
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- * *The Mughal Versus the Marathas—Story of India*
- * *Storm in the Bazaar—Towards a Brighter Personality*
- * *The Thief Who sneezed—The Arabian Nights*
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AND MORE

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AND Newsflash, Contests, Let Us Know and More!



CAUTION ON CONTESTS

Our contests are gathering momentum. We welcome more and more participants.

However, we would like the entries to be given more attention by their authors. The topic for July was "The Most Amusing Character I have known". The emphasis in most of the entries was on an amusing incident and not on the character. Many jokes, already popular, were attributed to some characters. But what we wanted was true experience of our authors.

The winning entries are published in page. 8

GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

अस्मिन्काले तु यद्युक्तं तदिदानीं विधीयताम् ।
गतं तु नानुशोचन्ति गतं तु गतमेव हि ॥

*Asminkāle tu yadyuktam tadidānīm vidhīyatām
Gatam tu nānuśocanti gatam tu gatameva hi.*

The wise reflect on what is the proper thing to be done at the present. They do not regret over things past — for past is past.

The Ramayanam

THE MOST AMUSING CHARACTERS THEY HAVE KNOWN

(For Chandamama's comment see the editorial)

"I Have To Tell You!" | |

The most amusing character I have known is that of our Professor Mr. Menon.

Once he entered our class and wrote on the board. "Mr. Menon will not be taking classes tomorrow." One of the students went up to the board, during his absence and erased the letter 'c' from the word 'classes' which made it 'lasses' meaning 'girls'. When the professor returned and noticed the mischief he immediately erased the letter 'l' from 'lasses' which made the word 'asses'!

On another occasion, Mr. Menon came to our class and while teaching, said, "I will tell you a joke." At this a back-bencher said, "Sir, please tell us when your joke ends, so that we will tickle ourselves and laugh." Once again the professor's sense of humour came to his rescue. "I know I have to tell you. The others will understand," he told the chap.

—Sushma, Bombay.

The Pickle Way

A particularly memorable visit of the little Pickle to our house stays imprinted in my mind. He refused a jam biscuit that I offered him. Surprised, I was about to put it away, when he implored, "Do ask me a few more times, Aunty. Mummy told me not to eat anything unless I was repeatedly asked to do so!"

Pickle once plunged his father's wrist-watch into a water-tank. "Just wanted to see if it was really water-proof," he said.

Cutting off his thick, curly hair in patches with a new pair of scissor, using his mother's lipstick as a crayon, giving his puppy a 'shampoo'—are all a day's work to him.

He nearly got his father fired recently. When the boss payed a visit, Pickle inquired innocently, "Where did the hen pecked you, Uncle? Papa says you are hen-pecked!"

No wonder he is named Pickle. —Renu Das Kalla, Sagar (M.P.)

Uncle Nidhi's Giant Fish

In my village, Banchanidhi, commonly known as Nidhi, has a reputation of being one among the few elite. Be it an inaugural function or an election meeting, nothing starts without Uncle Nidhi. At a meeting held in the nearby village, he was the chief-guest. He spoke from his experience while soliciting the co-operation of the villagers in the government's efforts at boosting up pisciculture. In his euphoric state he said that he knew of fish that weighed 100 kg each. He had a pull at his dhoti by the moderator who was secretly advised to do so when the description grew fantastic. He responded and immediately brought down the weight to 70 kg. A second pull further brought the weight to 50 kg, and the third to 40 kg.

At yet another pull, Uncle Nidhi could not contain himself and burst out saying that even if the whole dhoti is pulled away, he would never come down below 40 kg.

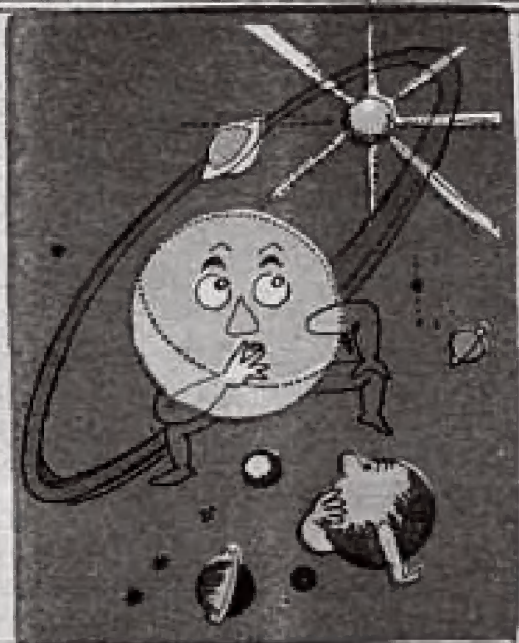
—Subhrajit Dash, Bhubaneswar.



NEWS-FLASH

The Fastest Moon

The latest news from the space is, there is a moon in the solar system that travels 70,400 miles per hour, three times faster than the moon we know. It circles Jupiter once every seven hours.



Mystery of Bermuda Triangle

You have read about the mystery in your magazine. (See Chandamama May '83 issue.) Why do the ships disappear there? According to Joe Ploeg of the National Research Council of Canada, a 100-foot high tidal wave that appears suddenly and is called "episodic wave" can swallow a ship leaving no trace of it. But how can such waves destroy aeroplanes flying over the triangle area? Nobody knows.

A Record with a Difference

There are records and records. But nobody can beat the 74-year-old Reg Mellor of Yorkshire, Britain. He bore with the bite of white polecats for 5 hours and 26 minutes during which the knife-toothed needle-clawed creatures never slackened their attack on his legs. For your information, this is a popular sport with the Yorkshire people—how long one can bear the bites!





LET US KNOW

When did the greatest volcanic eruption take place?

—A.Hussain, Srinagar.

Perhaps the greatest ever volcanic eruption took place some 3,000,000 years ago near Oregon, America, according to prehistoric evidence found by scientists.

The greatest eruption in known history took place in the second half of the 15th century B.C. It was on an island called Thira in the Aegean Sea. Most probably this event, by raising a tidal wave 165 feet high, destroyed the Minoan civilization of Crete—situated miles away.

The greatest eruption in recorded history is the one that took place on 27th August 1883, when the volcano of Pik Perbutan, on the island of Krakatan between Java and Sumatra exploded, killing nearly 40 thousand people. The greater part of the 18-square-mile island itself disappeared.

The explosion hurled rocks to a height of 34 miles! Dust cloud surrounded almost the entire Earth.

The sound it produced is the loudest ever heard. The sound took four hours to reach the Island of Rodriquez in the Pacific Ocean, nearly three thousand miles away and still it was like boomings from heavy guns.

Readers are welcome to send such queries on culture, literature or general knowledge which should be of interest to others too, for brief answers from the Chandamama.

(Story so far: Krishna grows under the loving protection of King Nanda and Queen Yasoda in Gopa while Kamsa, the demon-king of Mathura, is never tired of sending his monstrous agents to destroy the boy. Though conducting himself like a human child, Krishna nevertheless gives glimpses of his divinity.)

THE CALL FROM THE VALLEY

Beyond the river was a wide green valley. Overlooking it, like a loving guardian, stood a hill, Govardhan by name.

The valley was within King Nanda's domain. He decided to shift his village to that valley. At his instruction the residents of Gopa began to build houses there. The settlement was called Brindavan.

The shifting of the residents took place on an auspicious day—menfolk walking and leading their cattle; women, children and the household goods carried by carts. The people were sad to desert their old village, but the call of the charming valley was irresistible.

There were flat boats to transport the carts across the Yamu-





na. The cattle swum through the slow current, the sportive cowherd boys riding and guiding them.

Krishna and Balarama, seated in a cart leaning on to Mother Yasoda, surveyed the new region with wide-eyed wonder. "It is marvellous!" they exclaimed. Hundreds of trees swaying in the gentle breeze seemed to welcome them through their sweet rustle. "It is no less marvellous for us to have you here amidst us!" they seemed to say.

Krishna and Balarama began to love Brindavan at once. While the elders were busy set-

ting up houses and making roads and digging pools, Krishna and Balarama frolicked in the meadows with the boys, playing hide-and-seek. There were charming spots on the river-bank abounding in Kadamba trees. The wind seemed to have got excited with the arrival of the kids. At times it made them roll on the grass and at other times it made a dive into the river and splashed them with water.

And the breeze became strongly fragrant as spring burst forth over the valley. The cooing of the cuckoos hinted of unknown thrills. Looking at the woods teeming with many-hued flowers one felt as if a hundred rainbows had fallen from the sky! Brindavan became beautiful.

Suddenly one afternoon a hitherto unknown element was added to the spring. In fact it brought the touch of a different spring—a heavenly one—into the earthly season.

From some unknown nook on the river came the sound of flute. Never—never had anyone heard anything like that. It wrought miracles in those who heard it. They forgot their work and their worries and their obli-

gations. They stood enchanted—the music unfolding in their hearts sublime emotions.

As if it was a call from a distant horizon where one had left one's dearest friend and had forgotten all about it! As if it was a message from an island of bliss which one had seen in a dream but knew not its situation!

But those who forgot themselves totally and came out of their homes—as if drawn by a magnet—were some young ladies. They were the daughters and the daughters-in-law of different families who rarely went out into the valley except for bathing in the river or fetching

water from it.

By and by they emerged into the meadow—and followed the sound through that serene twilight. The one to guide them was Radha—beautiful and divinely different.

Once on the river-bank she began to run. The other ladies followed her. The sound of flute was growing louder. The breeze had stopped lest it should disturb the flow of that music! The birds did not whistle, nor did the cattle stir or moo.

Soon Radha spotted the source of the wondrous music. Under a Kadamba tree stood the little Krishna, tenderly dancing to the rhythm of his



own flute. Behind him, on the ground and on the trees, danced a dozen peacocks, their feathers unfurled.

Radha and the maids knelt down in silence before the dancing Krishna.

Was it joy? Was it ecstasy? So it was, they realised, but it was also much more.

A roll of cloud loomed large in the sky. But it appeared to be under a spell. Even the Yamuna kept her murmur sweetly subdued.

An hour passed. The sun set. Krishna stopped playing his flute and giggled.

Only then the cloud began to unroll itself and the whole sky grew overcast. There were rumblings of thunder and loud

rustlings atop the trees as a cool gust broke out.

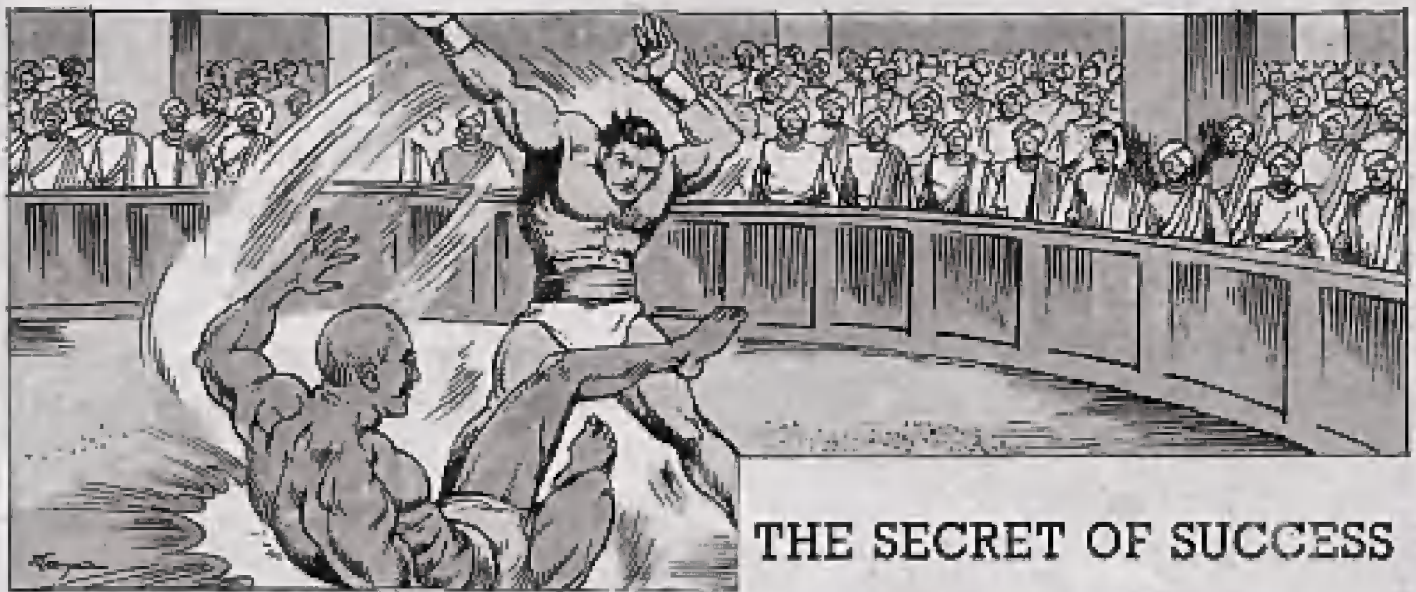
Krishna ran through the meadow into the village. Mother Yasoda was already midway looking for him.

Radha and the maids walked but slowly even though what began as a mild drizzle soon changed into a shower, bathing them entirely.

But they had just experienced a different kind of bath within. Their minds had been cleansed of impurities and they gleamed like gold.

How many of them remembered that they were blessed souls born in and around Gopa with the sole motive of coming in touch with the Divine in His human incarnation?





THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

In the kingdom of Koshala lived Samar Gupta, a young wrestler and boxer. He had the good fortune to learn his art from Ajit Gupta, the greatest wrestler and boxer of the time.

Samar Gupta was extremely sincere as a disciple. That is why his master did not keep anything secret from him.

Soon Samar Gupta grew famous. Many wrestlers came to try their strength against him, but nobody could defeat him. Samar Gupta was never proud. He even taught his adversaries what they lacked. At the same time he learnt from them what he lacked.

Gradually wrestlers from other lands came to confront Samar Gupta. They too accepted defeat. A friend of Samar Gupta drew a list of all

those who had tried their strength against him and showed that there was no wrestler left who could challenge Samar Gupta.

Samar Gupta received many ovations and rewards. One day, when nobody was nearby, Samar Gupta asked his master, Ajit Gupta, "Sir, to be frank, I am rather surprised with my achievement. I cannot believe that I am stronger than all those who have wrestled or boxed with me over all these days. Some of them are even more crafty than I am. How then do I succeed in defeating them?"

"My boy, it is not by strength and craft alone that one wins a contest. Some other quality is necessary," replied the master.

"What is that quality, sir?" Samar Gupta asked with curiosity.



"You can get the answer from your own experience, in due course," said the master.

Samar Gupta, with his master's blessings, soon went out on a tour of different kingdoms. He desired to meet some wrestler who would be at least a match for him, if not stronger than him.

He was passing through a desolate area in the frontier of Kamrup when suddenly a voice like a crack of thunder surprised him. A giant came running towards him.

Samar Gupta did not know what a terror the giant had proved to the people of Kam-

rup. He caught hold of men and animals and ate them. The king tried his best to kill or capture him, but in vain. The soldiers got panicky and took to their heels the moment the giant roared and started advancing upon them.

As soon as Samar Gupta saw the giant the wrestler in him was inspired! He flexed his muscles and challenged the giant to a wrestling bout.

The giant, who was gleefully coming to catch and eat the traveller, stood bewildered for a moment. It was difficult to believe that a human being should wish to wrestle with him!

Samar Gupta gave out a joyous shout and rushed at the giant.

A loose boulder got dislodged from the hill as Samar Gupta stepped on it. To save himself from the rolling boulder the giant shifted to a side hurriedly. Just then Samar Gupta planted a heavy blow on him and threw him down.

The giant felt giddy. He had barely stood up when Samar Gupta threw him flat once again. The fight continued for a few minutes resulting in the giant's death. Samar Gupta swooned away.

Some people, including the king's spies, who witnessed the strange encounter from a safe distance ran to the palace and reported the incident to the king.

The king was happy. But to his minister he said in a whisper, "The giant-killer ought to be killed before he recovers! Let us hurry up!"

The king, his minister, and a few guards arrived on the spot at their quickest. By then some villagers had already nursed Samar Gupta back to his senses.

Samar Gupta greeted the king. Returning the greeting, the king said, "Young man, I do

not know who you are. At first I thought that...."

"Your Highness must have thought that I was a new giant who had killed the old one! I should not be surprised if you had decided to kill me. Which king will like his people to be harassed by giants?" said Samar Gupta.

Samar Gupta's courtesy and humility charmed the king. He said, "Young man, I do not understand one thing. My soldiers, put together, were certainly stronger than the giant. But you succeeded where they failed. Does this mean that you





are stronger than a regiment of my soldiers?"

Samar Gupta smiled and answered, "Your Highness, once I had asked my master about the secret of my success. He had assured me that I shall know it myself. I have just understood it. You see, I was out in search of a match for my capacity. Naturally I had the zeal to wrestle. The giant never expected any challenge from a mere human being. He was surprised beyond words when I rushed upon him. My zeal and

his fear, together, vanquished him. Your soldiers feared the giant. The thought that it was impossible to vanquish the giant had taken firm root in their minds. In other words, they faced the gaint because you ordered them to do so, but they were ready to retreat!"

The king felt very happy with Samar Gupta's explanation. Samar Gupta remained in the palace as a royal guest till he fully recovered. The king bestowed on him several rewards before he departed.

Contest for September '83

Write in 100-150 words on "A mistake that proved rewarding". It must be from your personal experience. (Please state the no. of words used.)

Entries should reach the Editor, Chandamama (English), 188 Arcot Road, Madras-600 026 on or before the 15th of September. A reward of Rs. 50.00 will go to the winner. When there are more than one winner, each will get a reward of Rs. 25.00.

Dod Quixote

Beginning the serialisation of one of the best-loved novels in world literature.



He began to read books on knight errantry, eventually with such delight that he devoted all his time to reading, even selling some land to buy more books.

The Eccentric knight set out in search of Adventure and found it in abundance.



In the village of La Mancha, in Spain, there once lived an old-fashioned gentleman called Quixote who was nigh on fifty years of age. His entire household consisted of himself, a housekeeper, a niece, and a man who could handle a pruning fork, saddle Quixote's horse and also help in the house.

Often he read through the night and because he read so much and slept so little, he began to lose his reason. Most of the time his head was full of romantic fantasies.





Eventually he decided that he would become a knight errant who would roam the world, rescuing damsels in distress and redressing all sorts of grievances. The first thing he did was to dress himself up in a rusty suit of armour, and comical enough figure he looked.

He then went out to examine his horse, a weary ancient animal whose bones stuck out, but to his master, he seemed a magnificent beast which he decided to give the high-sounding name of Rozinante.



He decided to call himself Don Quixote. But he can fight only for a lady in distress or at least in the name of a lady. He remembered a girl living nearby who he renamed Dulcinea del Toboso.

He determined that he would have himself dubbed a knight by the first person he met. Towards evening, he reached an inn, but to the Don's crazed mind, it was a magnificent castle.





The two serving maids who came forward to greet the newcomer, had to stifle their laughter at the strange mounted figure. The innkeeper appeared shortly afterwards and he too, found it hard to repress a smile as Don Quixote dismounted and strode into the inn.

Later, the knight sat down to supper but he had trouble removing his visor (mask), so he decided to keep it on. This meant he had to hold up the visor with both hands while the serving maids served him with food. As for the matter of drinking, the innkeeper solved this problem by using a hollow cane and pouring wine down one end.



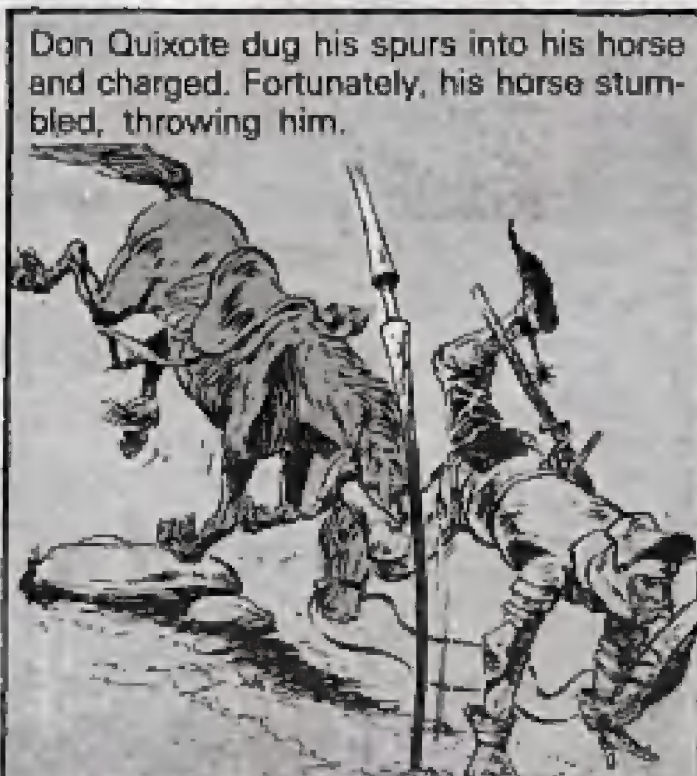
"I wish you to bestow a knighthood on me," Don Quixote told the innkeeper. So with the aid of his accounts book and his sword, the innkeeper knighted him.



The knight met a party of merchants. He demanded that they acknowledge Dulcinea del Toboso as the most beautiful woman in the world.



"Show us her picture," said one. "Then we will praise her, even if she be a hunchback." Don Quixote roared: "Dog! You shall pay for your insults."



Don Quixote dug his spurs into his horse and charged. Fortunately, his horse stumbled, throwing him.

As the merchants looked on, laughing, a servant picked up the Don's lance. He broke it in half and used one of the pieces to beat the knight with it.



The knight was left lying there, semi-conscious. Fortunately, a peasant from his village passed by shortly. He removed the knight's armour and then let him rest for a while.



Eventually, the bruised warrior regained enough strength to mount his horse, but he was too weary to sit upright, so the kindly peasant led him back to his home.



His niece and the local curate decided that the books of romance Don Quixote had read had caused his eccentric behaviour. So one night, they took all the books into the yard and burnt them.



But Don Quixote was soon ready for his next expedition. This time he decided he needed a squire and he chose a neighbour named Sancho Panza. The simple-minded fellow agreed to accompany the knight.



They set off and soon were well into the countryside. All at once, Don Quixote cried, "Look, Sancho! Thirty enormous knights whom I intend to fight and kill!"

TO CONTINUE



Towards a Brighter Personality

**UNITY AND UNIFORMITY
ARE NOT THE SAME THING**

OF SEVEN LEARNED JUDGES

him up to the court. Now, seven judges sat trying the case. At the end the chief judge said, "We are unanimous in our opinion. You are guilty."

The accused laughed.

"What do you mean?" asked the chief judge.

"I'll explain," said the accused. He distributed seven pieces of paper among the judges and said, "Your papers contain a question. Please write down your answers to it."

The seven judges wrote their answers and submitted the papers to the accused. The papers contained only one simple question: "What is dust?" Each of the judges wrote down a separate answer. One wrote, "It is the stuff the earth is made of." Another wrote: "It is the base on which we live." The third one wrote: "It is what we all will ultimately become," so on and so forth.

The accused read the answers aloud and observed, "Revered judges, there is nothing more

"Rajesh!"
"Yes, Grandpa!"

"Are you in a mood to listen to an old anecdote?"

"I'd love to!" said Rajesh enthusiastically, reaching Grandpa Chowdhury in one bound.

Grandpa narrated his anecdote: Once upon a time, long long ago, there was a witty man who spared none. But, be sure, he was honest and entirely selfless! That is why the common people loved him while those who were corrupt were up against him.

Once the corrupt ones accused him of heresy and hauled

simple and familiar a thing than the dust. Yet the seven learned men could not become unanimous in their views on it and they have seven opinions about it. Is it possible that they became unanimous on a relatively more complex subject—that is the accusation against me?”

The anecdote amused Rajesh. Grandpa said, “I do not know what the judges did to the accused. But what we should remember is, it is absurd to expect everybody to have the same outlook and opinion of a thing. And as one develops a distinct personality, one is likely to form a distinctly individual opinion of any issue.”

“Right, Grandpa.”

“At the same time as we grow civilized, we learn how to respect others’ individuality. Unity is not uniformity, unity is a cultured tolerance of a variety of opinions. And, Rajesh, why do you think I made a mention of that anecdote?”

Rajesh laughed. “I know, Grandpa, you must have overheard the heated argument among my friends in the drawing room! We were debating on which musician to invite to our school function. It was, of course, a very unmusical prelude to a musical event!” Rajesh confessed and laughed again, this time joined by Grandpa.





MIRACLE WITH A HORSE

A burglar was trying to steal a horse from the king's stable. He was caught.

"Put him to death," the king ordered in the morning.

He was being taken away when he mumbled, as if to himself, "Oh, the miracle!"

"Stop!" the king shouted at the guards. "What did you say about miracle?"

The burglar looked at the crowd in the court and showed his reluctance to speak before them.

The king led him into his private audience-chamber.

"Your Highness," began the burglar, "Now that I am alone

with you, let me ask you a question: do I look like a thief?"

"Er-er..." the king could not say anything as he never expected such a question. But he looked impressed.

The burglar smiled. "I'd never care to steal a horse if not for the miracle..."

"What's that? That's what I want to know!" the king showed impatience.

"Your Highness, have you heard of flying horses?"

"Well—in fairy tales—yes."

"Your Highness, there is a secret of making horses fly. After years of research I got the secret. In my anxiety to try it on a horse, I was 'stealing' one. I am sorry, but imagine your joy when I would have brought the horse back to you after teaching it the art of flying!"

The king's eyes grew bigger.

"How long will it take to train a horse to fly?"

"If the horse is very good, say, five years!"

"All right. I give you my best horse. Try your best," said the king.

"Thanks, my lord. Please keep it a secret. Let not even your ministers know of it. This explains why I was taking away a horse so stealthily—what your guards called 'stealing'!"

"I wish you success! But should you fail, you shall die!" The king said giving a pat on the burglar's back.

All were surprised at the burglar being handed over the best horse in the royal stable.

When the burglar's wife

heard everything, she sighed and asked, "But what will you do after five years?"

"Ah my dear wife! It is all a chance and the odds are four to one in my favour."

"How?" she persisted.

"Well, first, the king might die within five years. Nobody else knows about the deal. Secondly, I might die a natural death. Thirdly, the horse might die and in that case the experiment does not fail, but gets postponed. Fourthly, who knows, I might teach the horse to fly after all! In the meanwhile let me enjoy riding the king's finest horse!" replied the fellow.





THE THREE PEACHES

Once there lived a king who had one daughter. She was very beautiful, but very wilful. Many young princes fell in love with her, and wished to marry her, but she refused all of them, with a toss of the head. At last, in despair, her father said to her, "How will you know which one you wish to marry in the end?"

"I shall marry whoever brings me at Christmas a beautiful ripe peach plucked straight from the tree," she said.

This was soon known throughout the kingdom and everyone said, "That is as much as to say she will never marry anyone for where to find a

peach at this season?"

In the country there lived a good man who had three sons. The eldest was a shoemaker, the second was a tailor and the youngest was a scullery-lad in the royal kitchens.

It happened that on Christmas Eve the old father was passing through a wood and to his surprise he saw hanging from the branch of a tree three magnificent ripe peaches. Quickly he plucked them and returned home.

He called his eldest son and gave him one of the peaches. "Put on your best clothes and take it at once to the princess," he said.

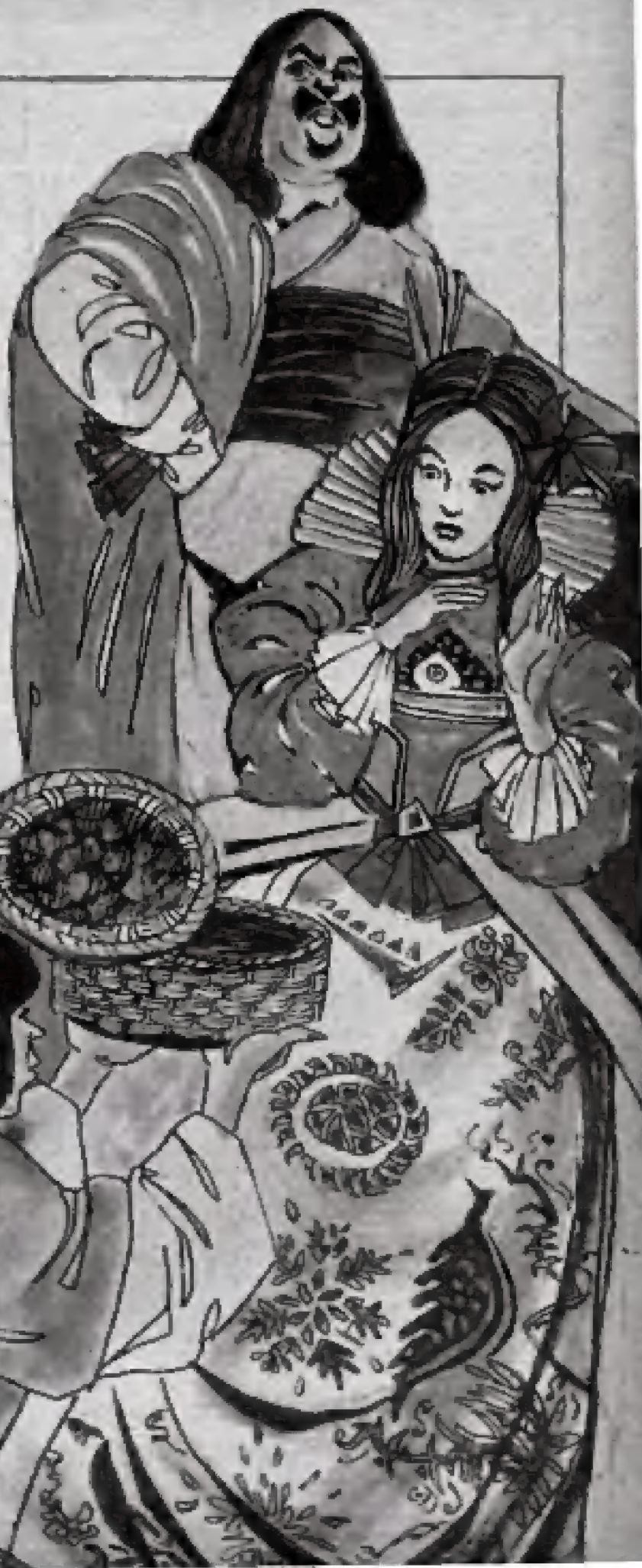
The young man did as he was told. He put the peach in a fine basket and set out to take it to the princess. On the way through the wood he met a strange old man. "What have

you got there in your basket?" the old man asked.

"That is none of your business," replied the young man rudely, and went on his way.

When he reached the palace, he presented the basket to the princess. She opened it and removed the leaves which covered the peach, but to her horror she found that the fruit was rotten, unpleasant to look at and to touch.

The king was very angry and ordered that the young man should be beaten as a punishment.



Sad and subdued, the young man returned home and told all that had happened to him.

Then the father called his second son and gave him one of the peaches. "Put on your best clothes and take it to the princess," he said.

The young man did so and on his way through the wood he too met the strange old man, who asked him what was in his basket. "Mind your own business," said the young man rudely, and went on his way.

When he reached the palace, he presented his basket to the princess, but when she pulled aside the leaves, she found that the peach was rotten and mildewed, unpleasant to smell as well as to look at. The second young man was beaten as a punishment for daring to offer such a gift to the princess and he, too, returned home sad and subdued.

The old father drew out the third peach and gave it to his third son, telling him to take it to the princess. He, too, met the funny old man on his way through the wood.

"What have you there in your basket?" asked the old man.

"I have a fine, ripe peach,"

replied the young kitchen-boy. "I am taking it to the princess, because I hope when she has seen it she will marry me."

"You are a fine young man, kind and courteous," said the old man. "Here, take this tiny whistle. You have only to blow on it and everyone who hears will follow you."

The young man thanked him, took the whistle and went on to the king's palace. There he gave his basket to the princess and inside it was a fine, ripe peach.

The princess was horrified at the thought of having to marry a mere scullery-lad. So she thought quickly and said, "I will marry you, but on one condition. In the royal park are one hundred hares. You must take them to the pasture, guard them carefully for a week and then bring them back without losing one. If you do this successfully, I will marry you."

The young man went to the pasture and when he blew his magic whistle the hares followed wherever he went, so that he had no difficulty in keeping them together. On the third day the princess, disguised as a servant girl and riding a little donkey, went to visit him.



"Will you sell me one of those fine hares?" she asked.

"No they are not for sale," said the young man. "I will give you one if you kiss that donkey of yours on the muzzle."

The princess wrinkled up her nose at this, but she was so upset at the thought of marrying a common scullery-lad that she finally did so and went away with a hare under her arm.

However, before she had gone very far, the young man

blew a blast on his magic whistle and the hare leaped to the ground and raced back to join the others.

Next day, the queen arrived, disguised as a maid, but she had no more success. On the third day the king disguised himself as a groom and tried to get one of the hares, but again without success.

At the end of the week, the young man returned and not one of the hares was missing. The king, however, still refused to let his daughter marry a scullery-lad. "First bring me three sacks full of truth, then you can marry my daughter," he said.

The young man went away, puzzled over this. Suddenly the old man of the forest appeared before him.

"Take three sacks and go back to the king," he said. "Tell him about the three visitors you had when you were at the pasture, who each wanted to buy a hare. They were really the princess, the queen and the king in disguise. As you tell each story, blow your whistle and each of them will jump into the sack."

The young man went back to

the king with the three sacks. He told the story of his first visitor, who had pretended to be a servant-girl and had agreed to kiss her donkey on the muzzle just to get one of the hares. As he did so, he blew his whistle and the princess jumped into the sack. Then he told how he had been visited by a maid who wanted to buy a hare and when he blew his whistle, the queen jumped into the sack.

"Enough, enough," cried the king, but the young man went on to tell of the groom who had

come to him and when he blew his whistle, the king jumped into the third sack.

"You have told the truth, you shall marry my daughter at once," cried the king, greatly alarmed. So the young man let them out of the three sacks and the wedding was arranged in great style.

The princess soon found that she had such a kind, clever and honest young man for a husband that she was not in the least sorry she had to marry a scullery-lad.



The Dark Star

My mother always calls me a dirty girl. Once while I was playing outside, a photographer from some magazine asked me whether he could photograph me. I happily agreed.

The week after, when my photo came out in the magazine, I was excited. I shouted for the attention of my mother and cousins. They saw the picture and began to laugh. Puzzled as I was, I asked them what made them laugh. Then they showed me what was written at the bottom of the page: *IF YOU EVER HAVE A DIRTY GIRL LIKE THIS, YOU NEED OUR SOAP!*

—R. Sujatha.



FISH OUT OF WATER

MOST FISH WOULD DIE IF THEY LEFT THE WATER. BUT THERE ARE SOME WHICH ARE ABLE TO SURVIVE QUITE HAPPILY ON DRY LAND

Danish explorer Gustav Daldorff had a shock when he was walking along the edge of a swamp in Tranquebar, India. On the trunk of a tall tree were some fish. At first he thought that they were dead and had been carried there by an overflowing river.

Then he saw two more fish crawling across the swampy ground. He saw that their gill cover had spines, pectoral and pelvic, which gave support and helped to push the body along.

When the fish reached the base of the palm, they climbed up the trunk and joined those already there.

The fish Daldorff saw was an *anabas scandens* or climbing perch. But whether he actually saw the fish climb the tree, or allowed his imagination to colour his story, is in doubt, for this occurred in 1791 and his tale could have grown with each retelling.

SEIZED BY KITES

Experts today say that the story that the *anabas* climbs trees is widely quoted, but is almost certainly due to misinterpretation. These fish can move over land and do so during rain.

They are sometimes seized by kites and taken to a roost in the trees to be eaten. Sometimes they escape and are found high up in trees as a result.

How can the *anabas* remain alive while it is out of the water. It is able to do this because it has inside its gills a mass of spongy substance called arborescence. It is so called because it resembles a much branched tree and, like a tree, it collects oxygen from the air.

Another species of fish that can live out of water is the Asiatic snakehead. This has pouches under the gills, and when the fish is out of water these fill with air from which the oxygen is extracted.

Some species of catfish native to Asia have tubes extending the length of the creature's body just inside its back. When the catfish is out of the water, these fill with oxygen from the air by a kind of gill.

There is also a species of loach—a small river fish—which can stay alive out of water by swallowing air in great gulps. The air then passes to a special lung-like organ which extracts the oxygen.

Also quite happy out of the water is the *synbranchus* of India which has a sac or pouch on each side of the throat. This fills with air when the fish comes on to land. The air in the sac then passes to gills which extract the oxygen and keep the fish alive.

Mudskippers, which are found in the streams and rivers of Indian mangrove swamps often come ashore on to mudbanks. As they cannot extract oxygen from the air, they are entirely dependent on the oxygen extracted from the water by means of their gills.

Before leaving the water, the mudskipper takes in an extra supply of water for the oxygen to be extracted by its gills. It can lie on the mudbank for a few minutes before returning to the water for a fresh supply of oxygen.

Lungfish, of which there are several kinds, can breathe air directly as well as extract it from the water by their gills. They are among the fishes which make up the varied population below—and above—the water.





A HAIRY CASTLE

—Retold By P. Raja.

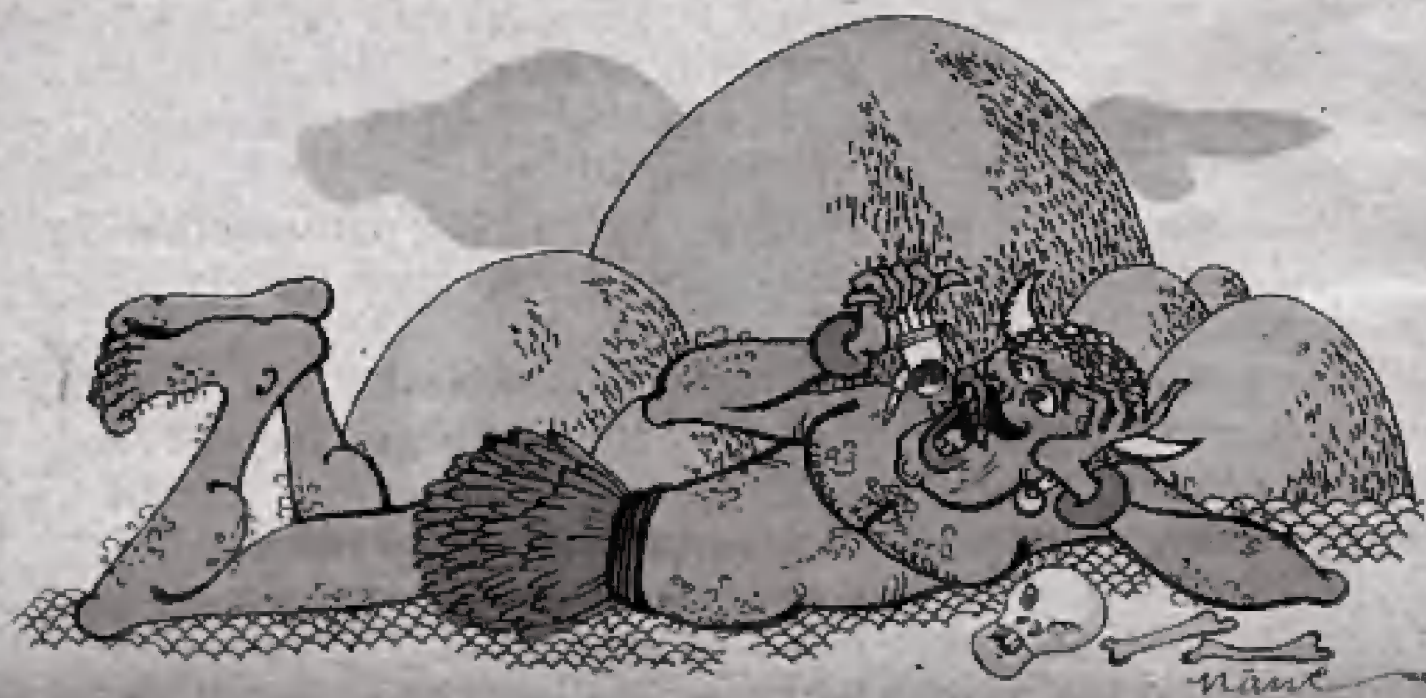
Long long ago there was a brave king. He took care of his people well and whenever they faced any danger he was ready to protect them from it.

But he was no match for the new danger the subjects faced. It was from a giant who took position near a forest and began eating up people. Someone saw him from distance and ran and ran and informed the king. The king immediately despatched a battalion of his ablest fighters. But none of them came back. The giant went on creating

havoc with the lives of the people.

The whole kingdom was in the grip of terror. The king was upset, but he knew that he could not just leave matters at that. He chose a hundred able soldiers, armed them to the teeth and marched against the giant.

As he approached the forest the giant's laughter was heard. That made half of the soldiers to take to their heels. Then, as soon as the giant came out of the forest, the other half followed suit.





The king felt very bad, but kept standing. He did not try to apply his weapons against the giant because he knew that it will be of no avail.

"Bravo, Your Majesty, I've met a true man at last. You ought to be rewarded for your courage. What do you want?" asked the giant.

"Stop eating my people," said the king.

"That is not easy. But if you can give me work enough to do, I'll forget eating. Mind you, you must give me continuous work."

The king was very happy at the condition. It amounted to a double boon—the giant would

stop eating his subjects on one hand and work for their benefit on the other hand!

"What if you cannot do the work I give you?" he asked.

"Then I'll leave your kingdom!" said the giant.

The king returned to the capital with the giant and asked him to rebuild the city walls which were crumbling.

The giant left, but before the king had taken off his helmet he returned and said, "Done. Next?"

The king could not believe his ears. He climbed to the castle roof and looked at the city walls. They looked new.

"Good. Will you mind clearing all the silt, and filth from the ponds, wells and rivers in our kingdom?" asked the king.

The giant went out of his sight in a few bounds. The king heaved a sigh of relief and sat for dinner.

He had just put something in the mouth when the giant was back.

"Done. Next?"

The king began to dread these words. "There are a few hills to the north of the town. Will you please make stone houses out of them?"

The giant nodded and left for

the site. The king sat pensive. He had no taste for food.

"Why don't you eat?" asked the queen.

"How can I? He will be here before I get up. Then he will be back once every minute. How am I going to sleep? What work can I give him?"

The queen smiled. "You leave the task to me," she said. And she had said only that much when the giant was back.

"Here is your next work," said the queen, plucking a long hair from her own head and handing it out to the giant. "Make a hundred shreds of it lenthwise. When you have done this, report to me and my maids will give you plenty more. Then you have to build a castle of

those shreds of hair for me. Go over to the roof and carry on with the work."

Through the whole night the giant tried to tear the hair lenthwise. By morning he had succeeded in dividing it into just two shreds.

He wiped his forehead and palmed his tired eyes and went down and banged on the queen's door.

"Done?" the queen asked peeping through the window.

"I am leaving your kingdom," the giant said ruefully.

"What about the castle of hair?"

"Did I not say that I am leaving your kingdom?" The giant bellowed and he ran away and he was never seen again.





*New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire*

THREE QUESTIONS

Dark was the night and fearful the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. At intervals of the peals of thunder could be heard moaning of jackals and the eerie laughter of spirits. Flashes of lightning showed fearful faces.

But King Vikram swerved not. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground with the corpse lying astride on his shoulder the vampire that possessed the corpse observed, "O King, I wonder if the interest with which you are now pursuing your work will remain strong in you for long. Kings are whimsical. Often they show great curiosity to learn something, but lose interest in it after a while. Let me give you an example. Pay attention to my narration. That might bring you some relief."

The Vampire went on: One day King Jaidev of Shripur put



three questions to his courtiers. They were, what is man's best guide? What is the most auspicious moment to act? What can eliminate one's enemies?

There were many answers to these questions. A wise minister was one's best guide, said most of the courtiers. To the second question the common answer was, one should consult astrologers to determine the right moment for an action. To the third question it was said that war was the best way to eliminate one's enemies.

The king was not satisfied, though he kept quiet.

Not far from King Jaidev's

capital was a forest. A hermit lived there. The King knew that the hermit was extremely wise, but he spoke very little and did not like people going to him with pomp and show.

The king, accompanied by a few bodyguards, entered the forest and found out the hermit's abode. He told his bodyguards, "Do not enter the hermit's compound under any circumstance." Then he went in alone.

The hermit was digging earth. The king bowed to him and introduced himself and put the three questions to him. The hermit continued with his work without making any answer.

The king took the instrument from the hermit's hand and began working himself. A long time passed and the king looked at the hermit. Even then the hermit said nothing. The king resumed his work without a murmur.

Suddenly a stranger rushed in and fell on the ground between the hermit and the king. He was bleeding. An arrow remained stuck to his person.

The king at once removed the arrow and applied some herbs and leaves on the stranger's wound. With the hermit's help

he then carried the stranger into a hut and nursed him and fed him with milk and bananas.

The king liked the atmosphere of the hermitage very much. He spent the whole day there. In the evening the stranger came limping to him and fell flat at his feet. "My lord, I am Bhim Singh, son of Vairav Singh," he said.

The king gave a start. Vairav Singh had been ordered to be killed by King Jaidev's father, the previous king. Bhim Singh had taken a vow to avenge his father's death by killing King Jaidev. The king knew this much, but he had never seen Bhim Singh.

"What were you doing in the forest? Who wounded you?" he asked, quite surprised.

"My lord, I was roaming about in the forest when I saw you entering the forest, alone. I took it as a golden opportunity to kill you. I sat hiding behind a bush and aimed my arrow at you. I did not know that your bodyguards were hiding there. One of them struck me with his arrow before my arrow had left my bow. They were rushing upon me when I came running to you. I do not know why they did not pursue me," said Bhim Singh.

"I had instructed them not to enter the hermitage," said the





king.

"My lord, had you not taken out that deadly arrow carefully and applied those medicinal herbs and leaves immediately, I would have died in no time. You are so noble. Yet I had been your enemy all these years! Now I've surrendered myself to you and you can punish me!" Bhim Singh said, weeping.

"Bhim Singh, have you not already suffered for your action? Forget the past," said the king.

"My lord, from today I'll be your most zealous servant."

"You'll be my friend."

An hour later the king asked the hermit, "What about the answers to my questions? I must return to my palace now."

The sage smiled and said, "My child, the answers will not be the same for all. The answers that are meant for you have already been given. Meditate with me for a little while and reflect on all the events and they should flash in your mind."

The king meditated with the hermit. Afterwards he said, "O great sage, I've indeed got the answers to my questions. I'm grateful to you." He then took leave of the hermit.

The vampire paused for a moment and then demanded of King Vikram in a challenging tone, "O King, what did the hermit mean by saying that the answers to the questions were different for different people? Was he not just avoiding answering the king? And how did the king claim to have received answers to his questions? I think he had got bored and had lost interest in the questions. What do you have to say to this? Answer me if you can. If you keep mum despite your knowledge of the answer, your head would roll off your neck."

Forthwith replied King Vik-



ram, "First I will answer your second question. The king's queries were answered by the chain of events. What guided him to the hermit? It was his own quest for truth, his own inspiration. So one's own inspiration was one's best guide. What is the best moment to act? The present moment. What the king did to help the hermit in his work, what he did to save Bhim Singh, could not have been postponed to another time. Then it is his compassion that conquered his enemy in Bhim Singh. So, it is not physical conquest but kindness and compassion that eliminate one's

enemies.

"Now, when the hermit said that the answers were different for different persons, he was right. King Jaidev was a true seeker and a man of goodwill. That is why his own inspiration was his guide. In the case of another, a good human counselor may be necessary; the king was a man of compassion. That is why his enemy's heart changed. The situation will be different in the case of an ordinary man!"

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.

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Fishy Story

One day when I and my friend, who were fishing in a pond near my house, hooked a trout. My friend tried to pull the fish, but it came off the hook and went sailing up over his head. It fell on the golf course.

My friend set down his rod and walked over to the golf course and peered into the grass looking for his trout. "What in the world are you doing here?" some men who looked after the field asked.

"Fishing," gravely replied my friend.

"You fool," said one of the men. "The fish is down in the river. "Here!" my friend grabbed the trout by the gills and lifted it up for the men to see it. He put it in his basket and joined me.

Hours later we saw those men still combing the field for trouts!

—C. Vivek Kumar.



THE FRANCOLIN BIRD

There was a young robber who could gallop as fast as the wind. He wielded his sword like lightning. He galloped up and down a long road that passed through wilderness. He descended on travellers, killed them and took away their valuables. Then he disappeared into the rocks. The Sultan's police could not trace him.

One afternoon an old man from another land who did not know about the dangers on the

way was quietly walking when the young robber surprised him.

"Old man, you'll die!" he yelled out.

The terror-struck traveller said, "Young man, this bag of mine contains my life's saving. My wife died and I am on my way to my daughter who lives in the next town, to spend the rest of my life with her. Please take half of my money and spare the other half."

"No, old man. That is not my





policy. I plunder everything my prey has!" said the robber.

The old man sighed. "All right, young man, I'm helpless. Take it and let me go."

The robber took the bag but laughed and said, "I won't let you go. You must die."

"Why, young man? I've given you everything I had. Why then should you kill me?" asked the traveller in great anguish.

The robber laughed. "I kill all whom I loot," he said and unsheathed his sword.

The traveller looked in all directions, but saw none. He knelt down and raised his eyes to the sky in prayer. A solitary

bird, a francolin, was flying.

"O Francolin, bear witness to the fact that this robber is killing me for no reason. I gave him all I had without putting forth any resistance so that he would let me pass in peace. But he is..."

Before the old man had finished, the robber's sword beheaded him.

Time passed. The robber grew very rich. He now desired position and fame. He settled down in the city. As he was a good chess-player and the Sultan was fond of chess, he became friendly with the Sultan.

Their friendship became deeper and often they feasted and drank together. At times the young man narrated his adventures as a highwayman. The Sultan did not mind his past because he appeared a changed man now.

One night they were dining together. The young man was rather drunk. At the middle of the course an attendant placed on the table a roasted francolin. The young man laughed at its sight.

"What caused your laughter?" asked the Sultan. "Is there anything wrong with the dinner or the conduct of any of my attendants?"

"Not so, my lord, not so..."

"Then? Why did you laugh?"

"It is this roasted bird that reminded me of an incident. Once I robbed a man. He thought that I'll let him go after taking away his money. He was surprised when I was ready to kill him. There was nobody nearby. The old man saw a francolin flying overhead and spoke to it to bear witness to my conduct! Ha, ha!! Whoever has heard of a man asking a bird to be a witness! Ha, ha!!"

The young man then looked at the roasted francolin and said, "Hello birdie, do you happen to be that very francolin?"

Maybe, you are a cousin of that one! Ha, ha!!"

"Stop laughing!" roared the Sultan.

Taken aback the young man stopped and looked at the Sultan with fear.

"Finish your dinner quickly. The francolin has given its testimony and your victim's faith in the bird must be respected," said the Sultan.

The young man nervously ate another mouthful, but could not go on.

"Take him away. In the morning he dies!"

The palace-guards dragged the young man away.



THE KING LEARNS HUMILITY

—Devapriyo

Do not try to teach a man such things for which he is not fit," Guru Soumyananda told his disciple, Vijayananda. The latter was going out at the wide world, after spending a number of years in the Ashram.

But Vijayananda was ambitious. He desired to teach no lesser man than the king himself!

He went to the court and the king received him with respect. He was lodged in the royal guest house.

Vijayananda observed that the king was very proud. Every day, upon his appearing in the court, the chief herald shouted, "Here comes our great king, who is no inferior to Indra, the king of the gods, whose effulgence dazzles all, who is the hero of heroes" and so on and so forth.

The king evidently enjoyed the eulogy. He smiled proudly and nodded.

Vijayananda one day privately told the king, "My lord, no



virtue is greater than humility."

"How to be humble?" queried the king.

"You should give up your dazzling robe and speak softly and kindly," explained Vijayananda.

The king agreed to be humble. Next day Vijayananda left the capital and went over to a village. News of the king donning a poor man's robe and speaking always with folded hands reached him. He was very pleased.

A year later he returned to the capital, but instead of announcing himself to the king, he stood amidst the audience waiting outside the court, but

capable of observing the proceedings in the court.

The king arrived—indeed—in quite ordinary robes and with his hands folded. The chief herald began, "Here comes our great king..." and he ended with "the king who, though able to put on the clothes equal to those of Indra, wears ordinary clothes out of humility, who, though has the right to stop most of us, stands with folded hands out of humility!"

There was tremendous applause. The king nodded with great happiness.

Vijayananda did not meet the king. He left the capital immediately, very sad.



THE DELAYED FALL

Rahim and Jubin were walking by the side of a pond. Rahim stumbled over a stone. He would have fallen into the pond if Jubin would not have caught him by the arm.

"Thanks," said Rahim.

He forgot the incident in a day or two, but Jubin did not. He went on telling all their acquaintances, "Do you know what happened the other day? Rahim was tumbling into a pond when I took hold of him and saved him from the fall."

Rahim heard this from his friends again and again. One day he asked Jubin and a few of their friends to accompany him. He led them to the pond and then fell into it deliberately. Coming out, he told Jubin, "Look here, I am as wet as I would have been had you not held me back that day. Now, will you please stop telling about it?"



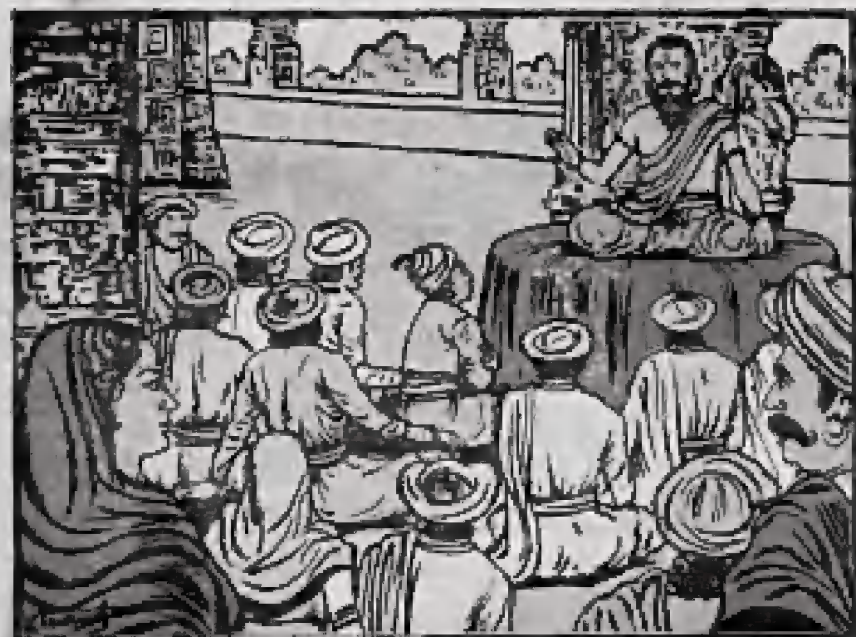


STORY OF INDIA-81

RISE OF SHIVAJI

In 1627 was born Shivaji—the hero who was to shake the Mughal empire. His father Shaha-ji was an officer in the service of the Sutan of Bijapur. Shivaji's childhood passed in Pune, under the guardianship of his mother Jijabai and a family-friend, Dadaji.

As a boy Shivaji proved extraordinarily brave, smart and intelligent. He befriended the local hill people known as the Mawalis. They looked upon him as their leader. Shivaji's courage and kindness charmed them.

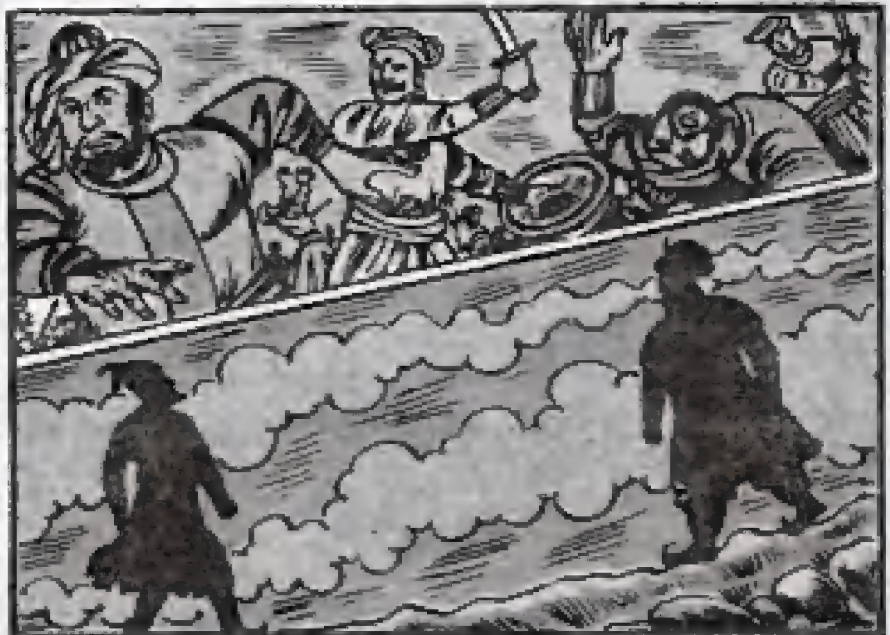


Though fearless, Shivaji was not proud. He showed great interest in religious matters. He was fascinated by Ramdas, a celebrated sage, who exhorted people to rise against tyranny and to resist insult to their religion. This left a lasting impact on Shivaji's mind.



Soon Shivaji organised a small army. His soldiers showed great allegiance to him. He conquered one after another forts and castles which were in the territory of Bijapur. The Sultan was alarmed. He sent his general, Afzal Khan, to suppress Shivaji, the emerging Maratha leader.

Afzal Khan marched with a huge army, but Shivaji's small battalions harassed him. At last Afzal Khan agreed to meet Shivaji alone at a lonely spot. At the appointed time the two adversaries were seen coming from opposite directions.



Afzal Khan spread his arms to embrace Shivaji. But suddenly his hands went up to Shivaji's neck. He tried to throttle him. Shivaji was prepared for this. He was wearing a deadly iron glove known as Tiger's Claws in his left hand. With that he struck Afzal Khan and threw him down and killed him.

As Shivaji began conquering the Mughal territories, Aurangzeb sent his general, Shayesta Khan, to fight him. Shayesta ousted the Marathas from several forts and occupied Shivaji's headquarters at Pune. One night Shivaji and his men joined a marriage procession and approached Shayesta's camp.



Suddenly Shivaji and his twenty followers invaded the camp. With sword drawn Shivaji dashed into Shayesta's room. The Mughal general narrowly escaped through a window, jumping into the road, but not before losing three of his fingers to Shivaji's sword.

On behalf of Aurangzeb Raja Jai Singh negotiated with Shivaji for compromise. Shivaji was assured safe conduct and was invited to meet Aurangzeb at Agra. Shivaji went with his young son Shambhuji, but was not shown the courtesy he expected. He protested.





The father and son were interned in a house, heavily guarded. Aurangzeb was happy that his formidable foe had been caged. Shivaji feigned sickness and began sending sackfuls of sweets for distribution among the needy. This went on—the size of the sacks growing day by day.

One day Shivaji and Shambhuji hid themselves in two sacks covered by sweets and were carried out of the house. The guards accustomed to let the sacks pass did not suspect anything amiss. Aurangzeb found out the trick hours later.



Disguised as mendicants Shivaji and Shambhuji crossed Agra. Horses were ready for them at a distant place. In a few days Shivaji and Shambhuji were back among their own people in Pune. Aurangzeb, in order to appease him, conferred on him the title of Raja.

DID IT HAPPEN IN PHILADELPHIA?

Off the coast of Philadelphia the sea was calm. One of the ships harboured was ordered to be taken a little far into the sea. The crew perhaps did not care to know what the reason was.

Even if they would have grown curious, their curiosity would have gone unsatisfied. If the report about the incident is authentic, very few knew what was in the offing.

The solitary ship was suddenly filled with what appeared to

be volleys of green mist. That it was a kind of strange light, became known much later—to those who read the report about the incredible incident.

What do you think happened next? Something fantastic. The ship just disappeared!

That very moment on the sea near Norfolk—one thousand miles away from Philadelphia—the apparition of a ship flashed. Then it disappeared and at Philadelphia the vanished ship



reappeared. Then it was off again—and the apparition reappeared at Norfolk. This weird process went on for some time.

Was it a secret experiment carried on by the American Navy? That was the conclusion of a young scientist, Dr. Morris K. Jessup. He had himself, in the course of his research, hit upon a principle by which it was possible to make physical objects invisible. He claimed that he had formulated the principle following a theory by Einstein.

Dr. Jessup also claimed that he had passed on the process he had evolved to the Navy and the Navy tried it on the said ship.

What happened to the ship? A good number of its crew died.

Others grew mad.

Soon after a newspaper reported the matter that had been leaked by Dr. Jessup, the scientist committed suicide. Some believe that it was because he was under oath never to disclose the experiment. Since it became known, he was afraid of harassment.

This extraordinary story was first told by George Langelaan in his book *Terrifying Facts*. Since then several other authors have written on the subject. But nothing authentic can be known about it for all the papers concerning it have been transferred to the Navy's top-secret section.

Was the experiment a fact or a fiction? That is the question.





ZED THE BURGLAR

In olden days the capital-city of Romania had many parks and gardens. A well-dressed man spotted a young man near a park and smiled at him. It was a moonlit night.

"Who are you?" asked the young man who had just come to the town from his home in a distant village.

"Whoever I may be, I know who you are. You are a burglar!" said the well-dressed man.

"No, never!" protested the young man vehemently.

The other man laughed. "Look here, young man, from the manner you looked this way and that way, from your voice and from your movements, I

could easily know that you are a burglar. Do not fear. I am Zed the Robber!"

Now, all the people of the land had heard of Zed the Robber. Zed never injured anybody, but he burgled houses and robbed people in such a clever manner that he was never caught.

The young man saluted Zed.

"Let me see how accomplished you are. Can you steal an egg from the crow's nest in this tree without scaring the crow?" asked Zed.

The young man climbed the tree like a lizard and stealthily transferred an egg from the nest to his pocket. But, on coming



down, he found the egg missing from his pocket. The laughing Zed showed it to him.

"I accept you as my master," said the young man, bowing down to Zed.

"You are a worthy pupil. I was looking for a trainee like you. I want to retire from the business. But I should teach my art to somebody before retiring!" said Zed.

Zed led the young man into the town. They were near the king's palace. Zed knew where the royal treasury was. He tied his pupil to the end of a rope and lowered him into the right room, himself standing on the

wall. The pupil filled a bag with gold coins from a jar.

Zed knew that the king supervised his treasury only once every month. What he did not know was that the very next day was the day for the supervision.

The king found out the theft, but could not understand how a thief entered the room. He had detained an old thief in the prison close to his palace. He asked him about it.

"My lord," said the old prisoner, "since a man could enter the room, there must be an entry. Fill the room with smoke and observe where it is leaking out."

The king did as advised. He saw a column of smoke going out through a hidden gap between the wall and the roof.

He met the old prisoner again and sought his advice for capturing the thief.

"My lord, do not let it be known that you have found out the theft. Since the thief has got gold coins, he will feel tempted to try to steal once again—probably tonight. Keep a large jar filled with gum exactly on the spot below the gap. The column of the jar should be dark," said the old prisoner.

It was done. It happened as the old prisoner had thought. Zed, hoping to get more, lowered his assistant right into the jar.

The assistant realised that he had been caught in a pool of gum from which it was impossible to get out. He told Zed, "Master, I do not want to be caught alive. Please pass on a little poison."

"Not necessary," said Zed. "I have with me a potion that would make you appear dead, but you won't die. Your captors, taking you to be dead, would not punish you. I shall manage to free you tomorrow."

Zed treated his assistant with the potion and slipped away.

In the morning the king was happy to find the thief caught. But coming closer, he got the impression that the culprit was dead.

The king reported the matter to the old prisoner.

"My lord, the thief has an accomplice" said the old prisoner.

"How did you know?"

"Who killed the thief otherwise? One does not die when caught up in gum!" observed the old man.



"What is to be done now?" asked the king.

"Let the corpse be placed outside the palace. Let some guards be posted nearby, but not very close to it. The thief's accomplice is likely to try to steal the corpse. The guards can pounce upon him when he does so," said the old man.

The king ordered the corpse to be put in a chair outside the palace. He also posted guards to keep an eye on it.

Late at night Zed drove a carriage that way. He managed to topple the carriage himself and, coming out of it, told the guards who were looking on,



"My brothers, won't you help me to set my carriage right? Wine might flow out of all the four vials I'm carrying if there is delay in putting the carriage straight."

"We'll help you if you give us one vial," the guards said.

"Happily, friends, happily," said Zed and he gave them a vial.

The guards began drinking at once. Now, Zed had mixed with the wine a potion to induce sleep.

"Who is he?" Zed asked, pointing his hand at his assistant.

"A thief," replied the guards.

"Good you told me. He might steal my horse if I become unmindful!"

The guards laughed. "He is dead," they informed him.

That is no guarantee that he won't steal my horse!" commented Zed.

The guards laughed and laughed, but not for long. Sleep overtook them.

Zed approached his assistant and treated him to another potion. The assistant came to his senses soon.

"Do not delay. Detach my horse from my carriage and flee," Zed told the young man.

After his assistant rode away Zed woke up the guards and shouted at them, saying, "Had I not said that the thief might escape with my horse? That is what he has done! I did not pay attention to him because you fellows assured me that he was dead! What do I do now? I must complain to the king in the morning!"

The guards requested him not to do so. They paid him a hundred coins as compensation for his horse.

In the morning the king heard that the corpse had sprung to life



and escaped! He was puzzled. He reported the matter to the old prisoner who said, "My lord, the two thieves are extremely clever. Why don't you declare on oath that you will not punish them if they surrender?"

The king made a declaration accordingly. Zed was already thinking of giving up burglary. He surrendered to the king along with his assistant. The king took both of them in his service.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES





THE FORGOTTEN ADVICE

The king of the forest, the lion, was dying of old age. His young son knew nothing of the world, but was very proud of his status and knowledge.

"My son, you have nothing to fear from any beast of the forest, but beware of men who visit our forest from time to time." This was the old lion's last advice to his son.

But the young lion decided to teach a lesson to men as soon as a chance came. One day he saw a duck trying to hide inside a bush.

"Wait a minute. What are you scared of?" asked the young lion.

"A man. He was aiming his arrow at me," said the swan.

"That is the creature I wish to see. Lead me to the place where you saw him," the young lion commanded.

Very reluctantly the swan led the lion on the way. Soon they saw a mushroom of dust and heard the sound of hurried steps. "That must be the man," thought the lion. But it was a horse.

"I don't suppose you are a man!" observed the lion.

"I am a horse, scared of men. I served them for years. They have nothing for me but the whip. At last I have escaped!" said the horse.

"I am out to teach a lesson to him. At last I have escaped!" the lion.

"Thanks, but I'd rather go the opposite way," said the horse and he galloped away.

The lion had just come out to the narrow road that meandered by the forest when his eyes fell on a man. The man at once bowed to the lion and said,

"Long live the king!"

At the sight of the man the duck swooned away. There was nobody to inform the lion that the creature he saw was a man.

"Who are you?" asked the lion.

"I am a poor carpenter, my lord," said the man.

"I see. I thought you are a man. Where are you going?" asked the lion.

"I have just built a nice little house for any great animal of the forest—a tiger or a panther—to dwell in it. I was going to invite them to inspect it," said the carpenter.

"Is it not foolish of you to

forget the greatest animal, that is myself? Where is the house?" asked the lion.

"It is close by, my lord. You may be pleased to inspect it." The carpenter led the lion to a cage he had just built. The lion entered it and nodded and said, "It seems all right. I can relax here for a change."

The carpenter shut the cage and began drawing it.

"This is a moving house! How fine!" exclaimed the lion.

The carpenter silently went on drawing the cage along the road.

"Where are you taking me?" asked the lion.





"To our king. I am a man, for your information. Our king will be happy to have you in his zoo. I expect a handsome reward,"

said the carpenter.

It had been too late for the young lion to remember his late lamented father's last advice.

WONDER WITH COLOURS



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Devidas Kasbekar



Madana Gopal

Can you formulate a caption in a few words, to suit these pictures related to each other? If yes, you may write it on a post card and mail to Photo Caption Contest, Chandamama, to reach us by 20th of the current month. A reward of Rs.50/- will go to the best entry which will be published in the issue after the next.

The Prize for July '83 goes to:—

Mr. B.Suresh, Hat Hill—19,

Officers Quarters, Mangalore—6.

The Winning Entry:—'Wondering'—'Wandering'

PICKS FROM THE WISE

An exaggeration is a truth that has lost its temper.

—Kahlil Gibran.

Art is a collaboration between God and the artist, and the less the artist does the better.

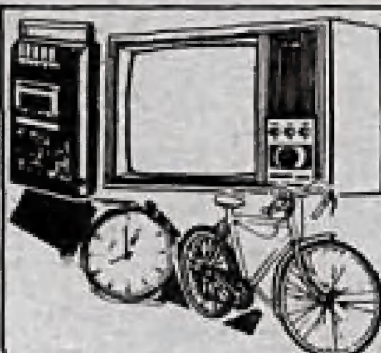
—Andre Gide.

I have made this a rather long letter because I haven't had time to make it shorter.

—Blaise Pascal.

BP

ENTER HERO BUBBLE GUM Blow the Bubble Contest Win Fabulous Prizes



1st Prize : Black & White TV Set
2nd Prize : A Cassette Player
3rd Prize : Sports Cycles
4th Prize : Wrist Watches
5th Prize : School Bags
6th Prize : Comics/Amarchitra Katha

RULES & REGULATIONS :

1. This contest is absolutely free and there is no ENTRY FEE.
2. Complete the Contest Form in every respect, put your name and address and post it to the Company.
3. A contestant can send any number of entries but each entry must be accompanied with FIVE wrappers of BP HERO Bubble Gum. You can also get Entry Forms from your nearest Shop.
4. When you enter the Contest you will get a SPOT GIFT from the Company by post.
5. The Contest will close on 31st October, 1983
6. The Management will select the correct entries and winners will be awarded prizes. In the event of a tie, the prizes will be distributed equally.
7. The decision of the Management will be final and binding.

Please tick in the appropriate column

1. I like BP HERO Bubble Gum for its coloured Bubbles

PINK	RED	WHITE	NO COLOUR
------	-----	-------	-----------

2. I Love BP HERO Bubble Gum for its super taste of:

FRUIT	SWEET
STAYS LONGER	NONE

3. HERO Bubble Gum is my choice for its bubbles give:

BIG	VERY BIG
GIANT	BIGGEST

4. The size of the biggest Bubble I could make from BP HERO Bubble Gum is:

3"	6"	9"	More than 9"
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5. Complete the slogan (e.g. BP Hero Bubble is fun-n-game)
B.P. Hero Bubble.....(not more than 3 words)

(Name & Address of the entrants)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____



**HURRY!
LAST DATE
31ST
OCTOBER '83**

Send your entries to:

Bharat Products, 14/1, Chandni Chowk Road Cross, Bangalore - 51.



Srishti/BP/101

**Hooray! Hooray!
It's a Goldspotting day!**



DON'T
FEEL TIRED
DOWN JUST
KEEP TRYING

SHUTS OFF!
WE WANT THE
TOOTH, THE BOTTLE
TOOTH IS NOTHING
BUT THE TOOTH

Fun
means
spotting

WARRS UP
IF YOU WANT
A TASTE OF
VICTORY!

WE'RE ALL
GOLDSPOTTING

WE'RE GOING
GOLDSPOTTING

HOORAY!



Fun means Goldspotting
**GOLD
SPOT**

Jeevan and Hanu communicate about THOSE TALKATIVE ANIMALS

Fire ants communicate with different odours produced by special glands. A slow-fading smell marks a route to food. A quick-fading smell warns of danger. Another odour identifies a fire-ant to others in the community, and yet another calls for a 'general' meeting — without alarm.



Over 2,000 kinds of lightning bugs exist — beetles that emit different kinds of light. Special nerves switch 'on' a glowing chemical. These lights are used as 'courting' signals. Each of the 2,000 varieties has its own lighting language, avoiding confusion. The flashes also help scare away enemies.



The knife fish creates an electrical charge in surrounding water. Other knife fishes sense this charge as sound, with musical 'notes' in complex combinations and subtle rhythms. Scientists are trying to understand this puzzling musical language.

Fleas talk by sending sound waves too high for humans to hear. Small abdominal air openings narrow and widen to vary the pitch (like whistling). Sensitive hairs on the backside pick up these sounds, which usually communicate an invitation to a feast — at a newly-discovered food source.



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safest surest way to
protect your future.
Find out about it.**

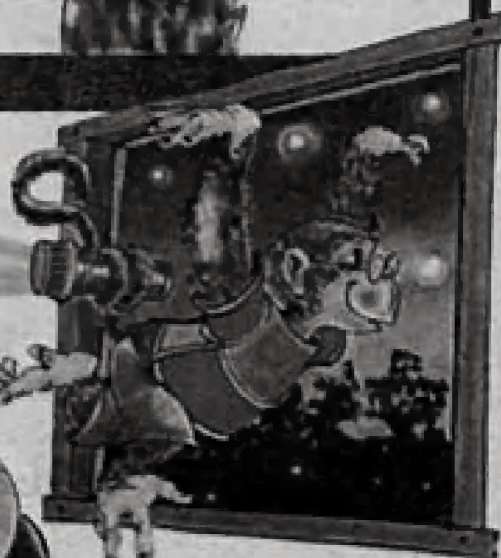


Life Insurance Corporation of India



1983

WORLD COMMUNICATIONS YEAR



daCunha/LIC/138/83